

The background is a dark, textured black surface. It is covered with expressive, thick brushstrokes in vibrant red and bright yellow. These strokes are scattered across the frame, with some forming larger, more defined shapes and others appearing as fine, energetic lines. The overall effect is one of dynamic movement and high contrast.

MEDIA

Media

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Patricia Cullen
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Cover
Susan Swan

Art Editor
Susan Swan

Illustrations

Page	
5	Sumner Adair
7	Bonnie Winter
8	Susan Swan
9	Paula Priegel
13	Susan Swan
15	Eugenia Zaleskie
16	Eugenia Zaleskie
18	Sumner Adair
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23	Susan Swan
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editorial

Bound in MEDIA 1964 is a creative compilation of humorous, sanguineous, and invective writing. Like most college anthologies MEDIA focuses on current student creativity through poetry, essays, and short stories. The editor and staff have used their selective abilities to choose those works which best exemplified the diverse attitudes prevalent among this aging generation.

These selections presented within gave vent through the arduous task of human thinking, taking quality of style from the ingenuity of the writer. Each work purports no longer to release its author from creative anxieties (this being done upon completion) but to give a comparable release to its readers which is the purpose of any worthy literary attempt.

The fulfillment then of creative writing rests entirely upon the understanding of the reader. His purpose is not to render adverse criticism which many times results from indifference through misunderstanding. It is rather a signaling out of the uniqueness of the gaining of a thorough concept of what is being presented. Then, and only then, can the reader give proper emphasis to an art form.

The worth of any publication depends solely upon its writers; its success rests with its readers.

DAVID K. HIMBER

Representing the Staff

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page		
3	A Lost Inheritance	<i>Jack Parsons</i>
4	From Then To Now	<i>David Himber</i>
5	The Amused God	<i>Jim Forman</i>
5	Music — Lovers	<i>Pat Cullen</i>
6	New Moon	<i>Pat Cullen</i>
7	<i>Ken Eddowes</i>
8	To John Keats	<i>Robert McAllister</i>
9	To Milton	<i>Robert McAllister</i>
10	Sweetest Wine II	<i>Paco Nadie</i>
11	Beauty	<i>D. L. Sparks</i>
12	Savage Shores	<i>David Himber</i>
13	<i>Abe Shaber</i>
14	The Plea of a Hungarian Patriot	<i>Joan Gossett</i>
16	Epitaph To The Time Clock	<i>Anonymous</i>
17	Sea Song	<i>Pat Cullen</i>
18	Two Worlds Apart	<i>D. L. Sparks</i>
20	War-Love	<i>David Himber</i>
21	A Friendly and Deadly Bird	<i>Robert McAllister</i>
22	The Three Bears	<i>D. L. Sparks</i>
24	The Ocean Is Calm Tonight	<i>David Sparks</i>
25	Thoughts	<i>David Sparks</i>
26	Taboo	<i>Pat Cullen</i>

a lost inheritance

Arise, ye sinners, and heed my word, for in these days a new God has risen whose wrath is supreme, whose mercy is nil, whose judgement is final. Awaken, ye sleeping faithless, and know the word, for your paths toward wisdom are paved with untruths. The foundations of your "Temples of Learning" are cast with weak cement, and your mind's soul is held captive by false ideals. Put off your mantles of reasoning and logic, don the new cloth of memorization, repent, and be saved, for you must be modern to exist today and tomorrow. Worship, you faithless and misguided unbelievers, his holiest of holies, the great God "A."

Through gross acceleration, our colleges and universities are becoming transformed into memorization factories of pure fact with the "A" grade as the supreme goal rather than the using of fact for practical application. Memorize the fact, pass the test, get the "A" grade, then forget. "The grade's the thing." We are not educating wise men; we are programming organic computers. But what good is knowledge without wisdom? A man can memorize all knowledge known to mankind and never use one iota of it to be known as the world's most learned man, but the fox in the forest is by far the wiser. It is easy for an individual to memorize the fact that a ten ohm resistor in a one-hundred and ten volt a.c. electrical circuit will deliver eleven amps of current, but of what use is this knowledge if the retainer doesn't know how to apply it to a practical situation. "Canned" knowledge is of no use unless there is an emotional intellect to decipher the facts and put them to practical application. The combined libraries of the world contain all the knowledge known to mankind, but yet no one volume is able to thread a needle.

Teach knowledge and fact, but only as tools for the arm of wisdom. Truth lies behind the door of knowledge and wisdom is the only key.

Jack M. Parsons

from then to now

Time was but the blossom of a tree:
A drop! A pond! A lake! A sea!
She was turned suddenly beautiful
While he was powerful and innocent:
Together they would soon begin
Their journey from paradise lost to paradise won.

In contrast now to Adam
The weak potbellied products of allurements
Link centuries of symbolic chains
From birth to error to man;
Flaunt themselves loosely in the face of lessons,
Waving magnificent chests at what-must-come.

No fair justice courted here!
No favorite prayer or sacred psalm!
An unquenchable thirst to forget
The truth — prevails ostensibly,
Another link for another chain.



David Himber

the amused God

The Sea swirls and whirls,
In fury it washes away the sands of life.

And the Wind blows and pushes:
Pushes against the trees, the buildings, the cities, and the nations.
And they crumble.

And as the blood seeps into the ground
The heavens open, and God appears,
Laughing.

Jim Forman

music - lovers

The drums roll out a long and burning beat
That swells and fills the room to burst upon the street.
Hitched to the blue note of the horn, so metal-clear,
A deep-dyed jazz that climbs the city for a star to hear.

What is my song whose chords are tangled in my mind?
What is the half-remembered melody behind,
And where am I? A weed stuck in the sand
Without the wind to sway me, without a rhythmic hand.

Gnarled cypress, dripping tousled hair,
The moon flanked at your base,
There is the hollowed chant of ages in your face,
And you are but one note that whirls along
Before another rises in a song.

So small are we who cling to each refrain,
Is this the only wisdom that we get?
To love, to cry, to hail time gliding by,
And in our lonely symphony — forget.

Pat Cullen

new moon

I loved it as a fun-worn toy,
And gave it every hour
My fondlings, my pretendings,
A ripened bud — a sunburst flower.
But I have thrown my "some day" to the wind
And blew a kiss to part
Because it withered, browned
And had no season to open heart.
I have learned as love rots in the fingers
To keep no souvenirs,
To toss the plaything out the window,
So there will be no tears.
Love it, hug it, and dream
Great times to be,
But keep no album of a death,
Nor clip a memory.
I know that loving surges
With the tides,
New moon! It ebbs, and flows
And then subsides.

Pat Cullen



The year's most gala party
Is taking place tonight.
I'd planned it all so perfectly
And everything is right.
My clothes are sheer perfection
With not a speck of dirt.
But while I eat my dinner
I get catsup on my shirt.

Ken Eddowes

to john keats

Sweet fame you courted often in your dreams,
And woke to find yourself in critics' hands,
Your heart recoiled at their deficient schemes
To criticize, your efforts reprimand.
In spirit of this, you made your name renown:
You gave a face unto the nightingale
Whose radiant story will fore'er be known;
A sculptured urn inspired your heart felt tale
Of your poetic creed, your lifelong goal.
No, we cannot replace you, though you thought
Your work was incomplete and played no role;
Such incompleteness ever will be sought!
Your name is writ in water, you declare,
If so, all others are but writ in air.

Robert McAllister



to milton

In the endless night's own vile frustration,
To many men a condemnation
Of soul to hell, you have but shown
Your fortitude to stand alone
And sight in mind, by God's own hand,
Extoll the tale of fallen man.

If you had faculty of sight,
God only knows what you might have
Done with your flawless, beauteous work,
Where never in its pages lurk
A passage lost to boredom's name;
The lesser poets wish the same.

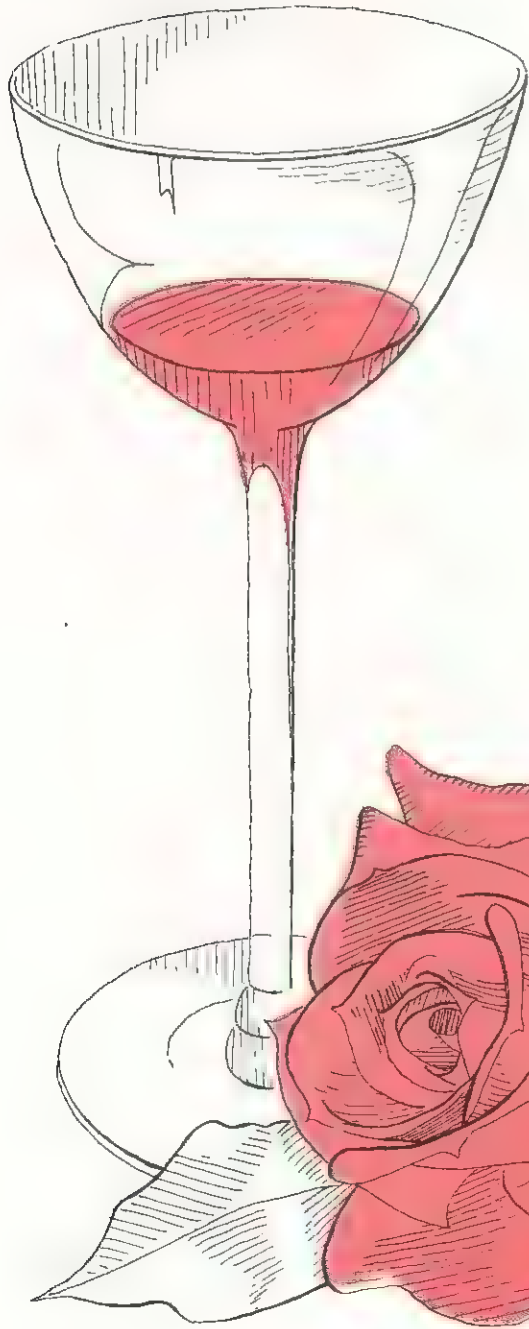
The loss of paradise to you
Seemed needless waste, but man of new
And modern time remains the same,
And only God can take his name
From Satan's roster, raise it high
Above the smoke, into the sky.

A hope for man still does exist,
If he will only not persist
In further self-subjection to
The devil's vices, long by you
Regarded as a way of life
Devoted to an endless strife.

But, man is free to choose his plight,
You chose your own, and now the light
Of heaven circles with an aura
About your head, as Eden's flora
Once ringed about our parents who
Could live today, known they of you.

Robert McAllister

sweetest wine II



If drink too much
and rapture bent
toward more drink
may I be spent

And drink myself
of wine again
'til on one drink
doth life now pend

The drink is drunk
the rapture spent
and now our love
will ne're repent

For soul so pure
as goblet fine
to me thou be
the sweetest wine

Paco Nadie

beauty

Beauty walks a staggered path
like lily white

in
rapids
ride.

Love is life, life is beauty, beauty is sacred
like blood red rose

untouched
by
man.

Lust for love, crave for want
like thornvine wound

round
poppy
plant.

Desire fulfilled, need for shame
like dew-crushed petals cast

on
stormy
sea.

We seek the want into midnight light
and like the withering blossom can ruin
beauty

for
all.

D. L. Sparks

savage shores

Lips are mortal facsimiles of Master:
Stamps that bite in lurid reds
Print pale pinks pellucidly,
(Alliterate so proper the plush!)
Passion the fire that grips,
Concealing like peelings
The clenched and rugged white facade
Spurious to the grin and blood drawing.

Let urgently from these two too
The disgorging sick and redundancy
Of stutterers tonguing out in heaves:
There's asylum behind these living walls,
These the sensual innkeepers.

David Himber

the plea of a hungarian patriot

I watched her flutter through the air,
Sweet bird of peace and rest,
And in my hands I caught her there
And laid her gently 'gainst my breast.

She cooed and sighed innumerable breaths
Of hope and precious freedom,
And disregarding all concepts of death
She promised liberty to my kingdom.

I sought to hold this creature
For all eternity to this land,
But a wind of tyranny and hatred
Swept her swiftly from my hand,
And I, in anguish spellbound,
Watched this gust of oppression
Thrust her fiercely to the ground.

And as she trembled and died
My soul trembled and died.

Joan Gossett



epitaph to the time clock

A year ago, I first encountered time
Without its old familiar, friendly chime,
But with a devastating, chronic "tick"
That summoned everyone at certain clicks
To mark his card before the watching eye
Of a machine upon which men rely
To guide their every action through the day
And even tell them when and if to pray.

At first, there was no animosity
Between the time-clock and its object, me,
But, as the hours methodically advanced,
I realized too many were entranced
And bound by the incessant, beating spell
Cast over them by this device from hell!

As time wore on each hour and each day
Progressed with stagnancy and I would pay
Undue respect as all the others did,
But with an eye upon the day I'd rid
My soul of its obedience to this clock
Conceived by man, the object of its mock.

Today, I walk in silence to that place
That daily crucifies the human race,
And quietly I stand before the hands
Of time and listen to their gross demands
That I imprint upon my faceless card
This fleeting moment! I simply disregard
These orders, for I choose this priceless day
To break my chains and wander far away.

Anonymous

Shepherd, shepherd, call to me,
Play a fluted note down-wind,
Will it to whisper of the salty, sea-spun air
Lingering in the cove
And the swish of the ocean's skirt
Hem-pinned here and there with reefs,
Stitched in silver with moon-fingering.

I'll never tell.
I'll leave this place
And close the door after with a secret sigh,
And fast (but not too quick for note)
I'll travel to your side —
You, with flash philosophies and ringing laughter,
You, with sun-baked skin
Supple as a reed polished by the gravel.

sea song

And all day long
We'll sit and count the heartbeats of the sea,
And measure them with ours, sifting sand
And trailing a sole bird's arc
Against the sky. Or pace along the beach.
In quiet company, each knowing each a fool —
But silent of our wisdom in the dark.

Pat Cullen.

two worlds apart

The rain beat a steady pattern on the sidewalk as I walked. The clouds above became darker and moved continuously to form bigger ones. The rain striking in the streets had filled the air with the odor of filth. The street was deserted of human life, except for me. Tall, dismal gray buildings rose on both sides of me like monuments of failure reaching to the sky for another chance.

I seemed to walk onward and searching for the reason why. I hated home but there was no other place to go. It was like living in hell with heaven just beyond my reach.

The rain had stopped and a soft breeze rushed into my face. The clouds had moved on revealing a partly-darkened sky. Stars filled it with their ever twinkling light. Some were in clusters, some alone, some dim and some brighter than others. It reminded me of life and the people around me. I had been isolated from the group — from the bright ones. I was a dim star somewhere, nowhere, just wanting to belong.

I walked on. It was all behind me now. It was getting chilly. A dense fog was creeping over the rain-drenched streets. I felt an undetermined number of sensations run up and down my body. My mouth became dry. I began to swallow irregularly. My head was aching. I could hear the erratic beating of my heart as perspiration streamed down my neck. I was breaking up. Still each step put me further from home.

I felt that I was losing nerve and it was this that kept me going. What kind of a life would I have if I turned back. Nothing, and it always would be nothing.

I stumbled. I picked myself up. Tears came like hot lava from my eyes. It made me angry to think that out of all the people on this earth who were misfits and outcasts that I was one of them. I had always rebelled against that which did not seem right. Whether it was in school or at home I would always voice my opinion. I wanted to be independent; to think for myself. As one of my teachers had said, I was a world apart from the rest.

I had reached the intersection in the road. I followed the rocky path to the clearing. I could hear the smashing sounds of the ocean beating against the rocks. As I neared the cliff I could feel the cool sea mist land on my face. I staggered closer, each step shorter and shorter till there was no more room to walk. I was there. I looked out over the frenzied nothingness. Huge white-capped waves rose up at my feet like slaves and broke. I realized now the only way I could reach happiness was to be just one more world apart. I slowly shut my eyes and walked forward.

D. L. Sparks



TENOR

war - love

Many hours in distraction and contraction:
Distracting the mind — contracting the limbs
In so many unquotable moans and smiles
Of agony that to die is but to end.

To end! How now these foxholes of desire?
Even Sandburg couldn't count the bodies
Lodged here: young boys riveted shaking
And old pros laugh at indestructible youth.

The dying comes only with the abrupt shell:
The silent blast that clears this mortal trench,
Leaves it mocking at humanity's scornful face
As one more takes his place to escape his onslaught.

David Himber



a friendly and deadly bird

Your silver skin reflects of dancing light
As you impale the sky upon your nose;
Your wings are fashioned like the wild geese flight,
They slice the clouds as clean as Zeph'rus blows;
You are a beauteous and complex machine:
Your blinking lights and luminescent dials
Cast off a strangeness and an eerie scene,
But guide you safely o'er your endless miles.
Full-developed in your body lies
Your unborn child, remaining undisturbed;
Be careful! Do not wake him, for he'll cry,
And shake the earth like thunder, unperturbed.
A strong, protective friend you are to me,
But my neighbor, you'll disaster be.

Robert McAllister

the repercussion of the three

PLANTIGRADE OMNIVORIOUS MAMMALS AND GOLDBLOCKS

One time without repetition many decades ago there was without much disputable doubt three large plantigrade omnivorous mammals. They resided in an area equally distant from the extremes in a non-domesticated compact collection of trees. The padre was an immense and magnificent specimen. The madre was a middle-sized female of great cultural upbringing. She was also very salubrious. The infantile was nothing more than a minature, diminutive plantigrade omnivorous mammal. Each had a concave domestic vessel from which to consume his slumgullion. There also existed during this identical time-span an over-proportioned concave vessel for the padre; an intermediate vessel and a trivial vessel for the madre and infantile, respectively. Next, and in the same proportion as the latter, came hence a chair and a bed for each member. One particular morn without much effort she produced a steaming crucible of slumgullion. She poured it without much thought systemic into each of the empty concave vessels. But through her own immature and childish haste it had become too unbearably hot for mass consumption. With a great amount of consultation and argumentation they recessed for a short amble through the compact collection of trees till the temperature of the concerned substance became moderate. According to reliable sources, at the same precise time there appeared on the scene a pronounced figure under the psuedoname of Goldilocks*. Furrowing her way through the densely populated fawn and fauna she approached the stately, but ever so humble mansion of the now retreated P. O. mammals.**

Being of the inferior sex her reasonings on the precise matter at the present were detoured. Advancing ever so nonchantly through the aperage in the anterior, she came upon the now cooled slumgullion. She first stopped at the over-proportioned domestic concave vessel but it appeared at first sampling to be still over-moderate in temperature. Next, using the almost similar technique, she proceeded with the testing. He results indicated that it was a mite frigid. She used the relinquished time to consume viciously the contents of the last vessel. Feeling like a rest after her hurried nourishment to calm the functioning systems in her body she sat down in a big, over-stuffed chair. Not suiting her perverse taste she moved casually to the middle-sized sofa. It also did not meet her required standards. Finally, she placed her massive corpus in a small chair. The results would have started a small toothpick factory. Browsing up the stairs' she quickly spied three beds.

Having read the original version and having a high I.Q. she went directly without emotion to the third bed. It was a miniature version of Henry the VIII'S (Really quite big) and she at once suspended all material matters from her mind. By an odd twist of fate, the three Ursula mammaliae entered into the house.

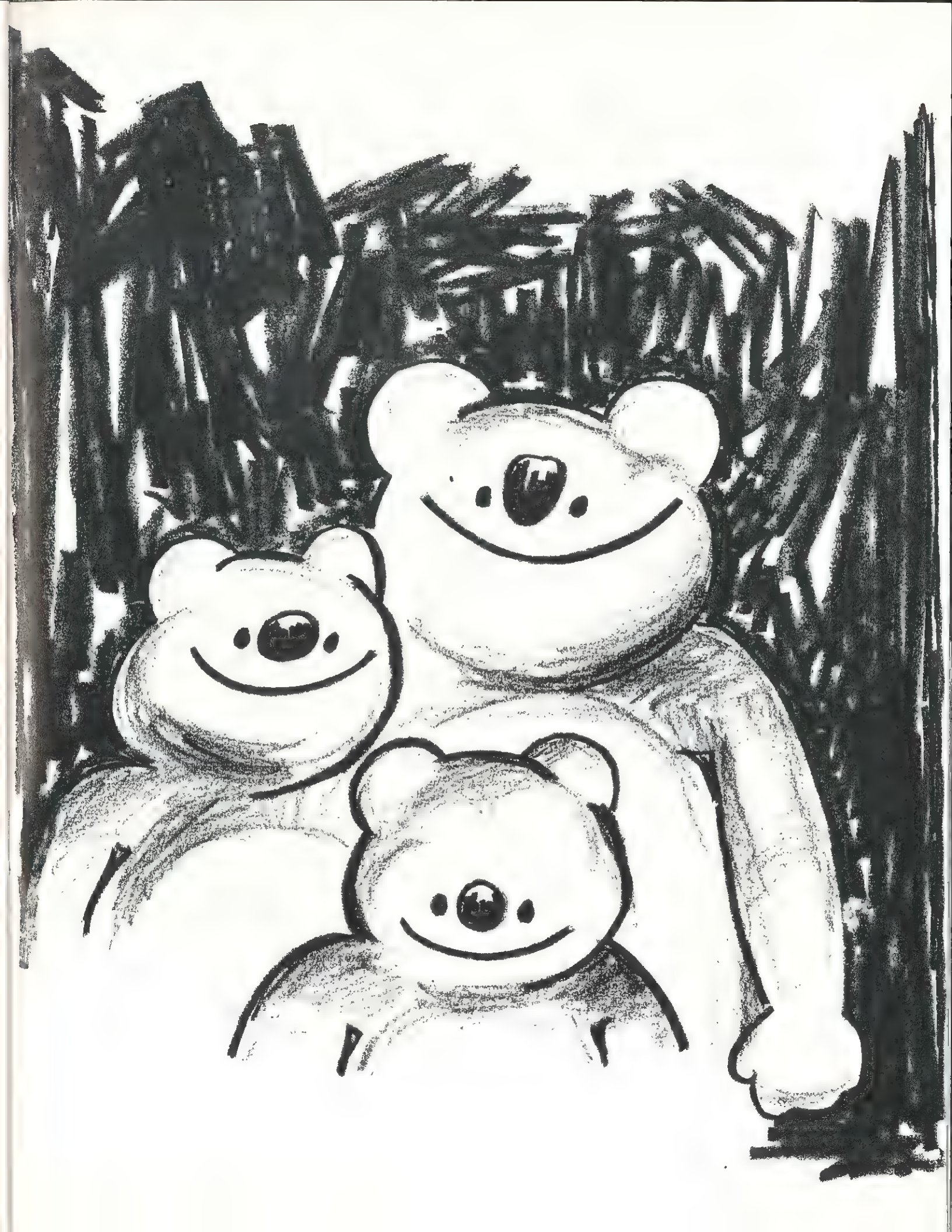
The padre noticed that his original substance had been tampered with. He let out a very loud, unintelligent roar. The madre noticed that her portion of substance had also been upheaved. Finally, the infantile quoted a quizzical statement relating that his slumgullion had disappeared from his concave domestic vessel also. They also noticed the chairs and the same blunt, uncouth remarks resulted from the father. The madre hesitated and then modestly admitted that the seat of her chair had also been touched. With a barbaric cry of pain the infantile clung to the now demolished pieces of his chair. The padre then led the family in procession style up to the bedrooms. This time the family checked each bed. The infantile with the smile of a spoiled brat said, "I could have told you so." He pointed calmly to the foot of his bed. Goldilocks, who had sought seclusion, woke with amazement at the staring faces of the family. Her screams reverberated throughout the room. She instantly plotted her course and then ran with (if you please the expression) a full head of steam out of the house. Happiness and prosperity followed here after and Goldilocks was never seen again.

Moral: "Never sleep in a bear bed."

*One with many ringlets of hair that are valuable and will not tarnish in humid weather.

**Plantigrade Omnivorous.

D. L. Sparks



the ocean is calm tonight

The ocean is calm tonight
The tide is full, the moon is bright.

Walking by the breaking surf is a man;
He walks mile after mile through the sand.

The lonesome cry of bird does
Not bother him —
Ahead there lies a light which is
So very dim —
Closer and closer he comes to the
Faint flicker;
Then reaching out as his pulse
Beats quicker,
He grasps at it with a gleam of
Success in his eye.

But the light moves on and the man
Falls down to die.

The tide is full, the moon is bright,
The ocean is calm tonight.

David Sparks

thoughts *David Sparks*

LIFE — is wound around and around
like a taunt steel spring out
of place.

WORK!

LOVE — plays a song of estacy into
twilight's dawn till it's harp
snaps a string.

WANT!

LONELINESS — walks the darkened streets
searching only for a reason
and smile.

FEAR!

LUST — a path led down a rocky road
that splits in two: one of false
desires; the other a substitute for love.

PAY!

DEATH — the young *work* from it,
the old *want* it,
fools *fear* it.
All *pay*!



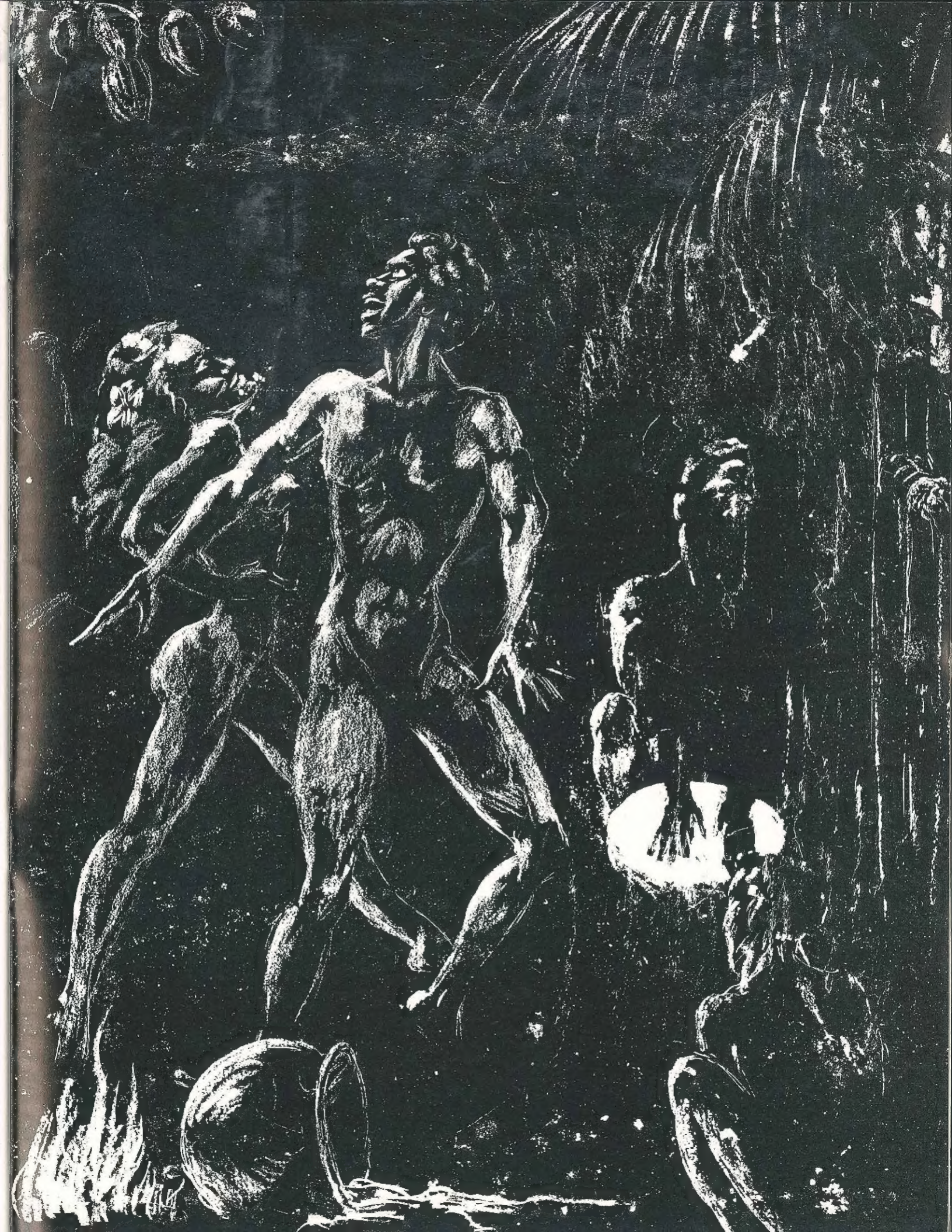
taboo

There's something to be done outside this room, after the door's slam,
And the yellow lamp's glare, the faces and walls of an old reel;
There is some journey for my hands besides this length of strand,
Some substance, strange, forbidden by this house, that I can feel.

There is a tribal song that spurs a frenzied, soul-shaken dance
Inside, and yet a long, untraveled distance from this street,
Waiting for the stricken heart to test the timing of the trance,
To be taken up in each primitive move, and find it sweet.

There is some dizzy perfume I have never smelled, riding on the wind,
Some way I've never charted, some rite in dark attire I never knew.
Who's to bar my great desire, what superstition said I've sinned
To trespass on a ground too wild, or a love that is taboo?

Pat Cullen



i'll never forget

I'm so glad to have known a friend like you,
A person who shares my thoughts and views.

A friend who smiles in a thoughtful way
And helps me when my thoughts go astray.

And although I'm young and have lessons to learn,
Places to go, and thoughts to discern,

I'll never forget that wonderful day
When you my dear friend passed away.

Lee Nicolardes

contributors

Pat Cullen is a freshman majoring in English. She was graduated from Cardinal Newman High School in 1962. She intends to complete her education at Florida Atlantic University.

Ken Eddowes is a 1963 graduate of Forest Hill High School. Upon graduation, he plans to join the Navy and afterwards complete his education at the University of Florida. He hopes to teach physics.

J. M. Foreman is a 1962 graduate of Palm Beach High School. He is majoring in education and plans to attend the University of Florida upon graduation. His ambition is to be a clinical psychologist.

Joan Gossett is a freshman majoring in teacher education. She was graduated from Stuart High School in 1963. She plans to complete her education at Florida State University.

David K. Himber, a sophomore from Delray Beach, is majoring in English. Upon graduation, he plans to attend the University of Florida and eventually become a university professor.

Robert Edward McAllister is a freshman English major. He is a graduate of Withrow High School in Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. McAllister plans to return to Ohio to complete his education at the University of Cincinnati and then to enter the teaching profession. Robert is an enthusiastic contributor to "Media."

Paco Nadie is a freshman studying for a career in Research Marine Bio-Chemistry. He is a 1963 graduate of Lake Worth High School. Upon graduation, he plans to attend Florida Atlantic University and the University of Miami.

Lee Nicolardes is a sophomore majoring in teacher education. She is a graduate of Lake Worth High School. On campus, she is a member of Phi Theta Kappa and the international sorority, Beta Sigma Phi. Miss Nicolardes works part-time at the Palm Beach Board of Public Instruction.

Abraham David Shaber is a sophomore. He attended Lafayette High School in New York. He plans to complete his education at New York University.

David L. Sparks is an English major. He is a 1962 graduate of Riviera Beach High School. Besides, creative writing, Mr. Sparks enjoys painting.

